



# The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

## INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour.

Open your Eares: For which of you will stop  
The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?  
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West  
(Making the winde my Post-horle) still vnfold  
The Acts commended on this Ball of Earth,  
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,  
The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,  
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:  
I speake of Peace, while couert Enmitie  
(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:  
And who but Rumour, who but onely I  
Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,  
Whil't the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,  
Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,  
And no such matter? Rumour, is a Pipe  
Blowne by Surmises, Ielousies, Coniectures;  
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,  
That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,  
The still discordant, wauering Multitude,  
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus  
My well-knowne Body to Anatomize  
Among my household? Why is Rumour heere?  
I run before King Harries victory,  
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie  
Hath beaten downe yong Hotspurre, and his Troopes,  
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,  
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I  
To speake so true at first? My Office is  
To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell  
Vnder the Wrath of Noble Hotspurres Sword:  
And that the King, before the Douglas Rage  
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.  
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant-Townes,  
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,  
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,  
Where Hotspurres Father, old Northumberland,  
Lyes crafty sicke. The Postes come tying on,  
And not a man of them brings other newes  
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues,  
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-  
wrongs.

Exit.

## Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keeps the Gate heere hos?  
Where is the Earle?

Por. What shall I say you are?

L.Bar. Tell thou the Earle

That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,  
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,  
And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.

Nor. What newes Lord Bardolfe? Eu'ry minute now  
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;  
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horle)  
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,  
And beares downe all before him.

L.Bar. Noble Earle,

I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Nor. Good, and heauen will.

L.Bar. As good as heart can wish:  
The King is almost wounded to the death:  
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,  
Prince Harrie slaine out-right: and both the Blunts,  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas. Yong Prince John,  
And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field,  
And Harrie Monmouth's Brawne (the Hulke Sir John)  
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,  
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne)  
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times  
Since Cæsars Fortunes.

Nor. How is this desir'd?

Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

L.Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came fro thence,  
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these newes for true.

Nor. Heere comes my Seruant Travers, whom I sent  
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Travers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,  
More then he (haply) may retaille from me.

Nor. Now Travers, what good tidings comes fro you?

Tr.

Tr. My Lord, Sir Iohn Omsweill turn'd me backe  
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)  
Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head  
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)  
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horle.  
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him  
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury?  
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,  
And that yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold:  
With that he gaue his able Horle the head,  
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles  
Against the panting sides of his poore Iade  
Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,  
He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,  
Staying no longer question.

Nor. Ha? Again: Said he yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold?  
(Of Hot-Spurre, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,  
Had met ill lucke?

L.Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what, newe the bard  
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,  
Vpon mine Honor, for a silken point (as this is)  
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it, nor of mine  
Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by Travers  
Giue then such instances of Losse?

L.Bar. Who, he?  
He was some hilding Fellow, that had stolne  
The Horle he rode on: and vpon my life (as I  
Speake at aduenture. Look, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.  
Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,  
Fore-tells the Nature of a Tragick Volume:  
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood  
Hath left a winest Vsurpation.

Say Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?  
Nor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)  
Where hatefull death put on his vglyst Maske  
To fight our party.

Nor. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?  
Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke  
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.

Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,  
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,  
Drew Priams Curtaine, in the dead of night,  
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.

But Priam found the Fire, ere he his Tongue  
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report'st it.  
This, thou would'st say: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:  
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble Douglas,  
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.

But in the end (to stop mine eare indeed)  
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,  
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is liuing, and your Brother, yet:  
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

Nor. Why, he is dead.  
See what a ready tongue Suspicion hath:  
Hethat but feares the thing, he would not know,  
Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,  
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (Morton)  
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lyes,  
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,  
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gaind:  
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

Nor. Yet for all this, say not that Percies dead.  
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:  
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it in Feare, or Sinne,  
To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:  
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:  
And he doth sinne that doth belye the dead:  
Not he, which sayes the dead is not aliue:  
Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome Newes:  
Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue,  
Sounds euer after as a fullen Bell  
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L.Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead.  
Mor. I am forry, I should force you to beleue  
That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene:  
But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,  
Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)  
To Henrie Monmouth, whose swift wrath beate downe  
The neuer-daunted Percie to the earth,  
From whence (with life) he neuer more sprung vp.  
In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,  
Euen to the dullest Peasant in his Campe)  
Being bruted once, tooke fire and heate away  
From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes:  
For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd:  
Which once, in him abated, all the rest  
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead:  
And as the Thing, that's heavy in it selfe,  
Vpon enforcement, flies with greatest speed,  
So did our Men, heavy in Hotspurres losse,  
Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,  
That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,  
Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)  
Fly from the field: Then was that Noble Worcester  
Too soone ta'ne prisoner: and that furious Scot  
(The bloody Douglas) whose well-labouring sword  
Had three times slaine the appearance of the King,  
Gan vail his stomacke, and did grace the shame  
Of those that turn'd their backs: and in his flight,  
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,  
Is, that the King hath woonne: and hath sent out  
A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,  
Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaster  
And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.

Nor. For this, I shall haue time enough to mourne.  
In Poyson, there is Physicke: and this newes  
(Hauing bene well) that would haue made me sicke,  
Being sicke, haue in some measure, made me well.  
And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weakened ioynts,  
Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle vnder life,  
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire  
Out of his keepers armes: Euen so, my Limbes  
(Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,  
Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,  
A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele  
Must gloue this hand. And hence thou sickly Quouise,  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.  
Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach  
The ragged'th' hour, that Time and Spight dare bring  
To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.  
Let Heauen kisse Earth: now let not Natures hand  
Keep the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,  
And let the world no longer be a stage  
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:  
But let one spirit of the First-borne Caine

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Reigne